

# The Lion, The Witch, and The Hiccup

by DinoMaster316

Category: Chronicles of Narnia, How to Train Your Dragon

Genre: Adventure, Fantasy

Language: English

Characters: Aslan, Astrid, Hiccup

Pairings: Hiccup/Astrid

Status: In-Progress

Published: 2013-09-02 00:53:17

Updated: 2015-06-12 19:42:46

Packaged: 2016-04-26 14:59:50

Rating: K+

Chapters: 3

Words: 3,603

Publisher: [www.fanfiction.net](http://www.fanfiction.net)

Summary: A crossover of The Chronicles of Narnia and HTTYD. Left behind to watch after Hiccup, Snotlout, Ruffnut, and Astrid soon follow him into a magical land full of creatures they couldn't even imagine.

## 1. Chapter 1

**\*\*The Lion, the Witch, and the Hiccup\*\***

**\*\*Chapter 1\*\***

"Ugh! Why is it that we had to stay behind and watch Hiccup?" a very irritated Snotlout exclaimed.

"Do you want the reasons or are you just complaining?" questioned Ruffnut as she fiddled with her dagger.

"Both! I'm complaining and I want the reasons!"

"Well, you're here because you're related, Ruff's here because if she and Tuff went, they would would bicker the entire time and no work would get done, and I'm here to keep you two focused," explained Astrid.

"First off: I am NOT related to Hiccup! Second: I'm always on track. I'm so on track, that people can't bear to admit how on track I am. In fact, I redefine 'on track'. I'm on track right now, with my face!\_"

This is the conversation Hiccup listened in on from his loft. It was the last few days before winter set in and the dragon raids had slowed down. With little to no threat from dragons, Stoick, the chief and Hiccup's father, had decided that, because dragons had taken so much food the entire village would need to go on a fishing trip in

order to secure their survival. Of course, Hiccup had immediately been told he would not be going, but even that was not enough to satisfy his father. In order to make sure that Hiccup would not destroy the entire island by the time the village got back, Stoick had picked three of the other teens to stay and watch him at all times. Those teens had been Snotlout, Ruffnut, and Astrid.

Snotlout had been chosen because he was Hiccup's cousin, no matter how many times he denied it. Also, Stoick thought that it would be a good time for cousin bonding. \_As if. \_Ruffnut had been chosen because one of the twins had to stay behind and she was, honestly, the smarter of the two. Astrid, because, well, she's \_Astrid.\_ Enough said.

"Riiiiight. But, where is Hiccup? I haven't seen him since the ships left and it \_is \_our job to watch him," asked Astrid.

"I saw him walk in here a little before us."

"Then he's probably upstairs. He couldn't have left without coming down here."

"You're going to send one of us to watch him, aren't you?" drawled Ruffnut.

"Yes, but who should it be?"

"Well, I was thinking it should be Ru-" Ruffnut's dagger turned ever so slightly in Snotlout's direction. "I mean Astrid!"

"I'm agreeing with Snotlout right now. I mean, you are the one who saying that we need to be doing our job. You should lead the example."

"Argh. \_Fine\_."

Hiccup really didn't want to be with anyone right now, especially Astrid. Normally, \_any \_time with Astrid was considered good time, but today he knew that all she would do is watch him with a stony glare because it was his fault she had to stay here watching him like some two year old. That was not a good time. Hiccup looked around for a place to hide. If she thought that he had somehow managed to sneak out, she would leave. Along with the others. That was a plus. Finally, his eyes landed on a large wardrobe in the corner of his room.

The wardrobe had belonged to his grandfather. It was made from the wood of an apple tree. His grandfather had planted that tree (where he got the seed, no one was sure of) but it had been destroyed in one of Berk's many storms. His grandfather had taken the wood and built the wardrobe by himself, without any help. Hiccup had always been fascinated with the wardrobe. It had many carving on it. Two lions heads at the top corners and two queens at the bottom corners. Many other carvings were on the door and frame, including; a hill with a garden, a winged horse, a magnificent bird, and an apple. Every time that Hiccup went near it, his hairs would stand on end and a shiver would go up his spine.

Today, the large piece of furniture seemed to call him. He quickly dove into the wardrobe to avoid Astrid. As he peeked out of the crack

in the door, he saw her shadow rising up the stairs. He backed deeper into the wardrobe... and deeper... and deeper... and deeper, until he felt something against his hand. It was cold, wet, yet powdery. He pushed his hand further and, "Ow!" Something had jabbed him. He quickly spun around, trying to find the threat, but what he saw left him wide eyed.

## 2. Chapter 2

### \*\*Chapter 2\*\*

It was a pine tree, covered in snow. But not just one. There was an entire forest of snow covered trees. Hiccup couldn't believe his eyes. Either winter had come early and his bedroom wall and the wardrobe had a hole in exactly the same place and the ground had risen up to meet the height of his bedroom floor, all in the span of mere minutes, or something weird had happened. Well, weirder, considering this is Hiccup we're talking about.

Hiccup turned to make sure that he could make it back to his room and he could just make out the small opening in the wardrobe's door he had left. Turning back around, he made his way deeper into this winter wonderland. Up ahead, he saw a faint light and he made his way toward it. Off in the distance, he heard a faint ringing of bells. But it was not the happy tone that one hears around Snoggletog. It was a dark sound, like the bells heard after a funeral. He quickly moved toward the light, which was now much stronger. As he turned into a small clearing, he was meet by a most peculiar sight. A large metal pole and a flame encased in glass at the top, seemed to be growing (as in with roots!). Hiccup walked up to this odd... thing and touched it. It was cold, like metal should be in winter, but also had a certain warmth to it, as if it was alive.

Suddenly there was a crack and the crunch of snow. A dark shape moved through the thick branches. He spun around looking wildly for the creature that, most surely, was hunting him. Then the being walked out and they both took one glance at each other before screaming. Hiccup fell right on his backside, while the other person dropped his packages and ducked behind a tree.

Hiccup tried to catch his breath. After a few quick gulps of air, he started to fumble for his small dagger, but remembered he had left it in his room back outside the wardrobe. He glanced up to the tree where the other person was hiding. That person kept glancing around the tree as if Hiccup was some dangerous dragon about to attack him. Well, if you can't beat 'em... Hiccup slowly stood up with one of the parcels in hand. The person came out from behind the tree holding some type of weird spear pointed at him. Hiccup kept eye contact and started to talk in the most soothing voice he could muster. "Um... I think you dropped this."

"Uh, yes-I'll just-um, if you could just-thank you," he replied, taking the package.

"Sorry for startling you. You just snuck upon me and-" Hiccup stopped short. His eyes got as wide as diner plates as they traveled downward. Why, you ask? First, this person was wearing no shirt, just a scarf, in the middle of winter! Second, this person was not a person at all. Instead of human legs, he had goat legs. And, now

that Hiccup took a closer look at his face, he didn't have human ears but goat ears along with goat horns.

"What is it? Some snow in my hair?" the being asked, frantically wiping imaginary snow off the top of his head.

"Oh! N-no, it's just that, well, not meaning to be rude but, what are you?"

"Well, I'm a-! I'm a faun! And what about you! You must be some kind of... beardless dwarf?"

"Not too far off the mark," Hiccup said bitterly as he thought of his size compared to the other Vikings of Berk and their beards. "But, no, I'm not a dwarf. I'm a boy."

The faun looked shocked at this remark. "You mean to say, that you're a Son of Adam?"

"Um... My dad's name is Stoick and my mother's name was Valhallarama-"

"Yes, yes, but you are... in fact... \_human?\_"

"No, I'm a Gronkle. Of course, I'm human!"

"What are you doing here?"

"Um, I was hiding from Astrid in my wardrobe which was in my room, when I suddenly felt-"

"Mayoom? Is that in Narnia?"

"I don't know. I've never heard of it before. But what's Narnia?"

"Well, my boy, you're in it. Everything from the lamppost..." Here the faun pointed to the tall metal poll. \_So that's what it's called.\_ "...all the way to castle Cair Pairavel on the Eastern Ocean." The faun then pointed to something beyond Hiccup's sight, but everything in between... it was breath taking. "Every stick and stone you see... every icicle... is Narnia."

"And it's all inside the wardrobe," Hiccup breathed, completely amazed.

"War Drobe? Oh! I'm sorry, please allow be to introduce myself. My name is Tumnus."

"Nice to meet you, Mr. Tumnus. I'm Hiccup Horrendous Haddock III."

"Well then, Hiccup Horrendous Haddock III, from the shining city of War Drobe in the wondrous land of Mayoom, how would it be if you came and had tea with me?"

"Just call me Hiccup."

"That \_is\_ a really long name."

"I know. And thank you for inviting me but I should probably get back. Astrid is going to kill me already for being out so long."

"Well, it's only just around the corner, and if you're already going to be in trouble, why rush back?" \_I hadn't thought of it like that.\_  
"Plus, there will be a glorious fire with toast and tea and cakes. And, perhaps, we'll even break into the sardines."

Hiccup, having been out in the cold for quite some time, thought that the prospect was quite nice sounding. But his fear of what the others had put him through before held him back from going along with it.  
"I'm not sure..."

"Oh come on. It's not every day I get to make a new friend."

It was these words that changed Hiccup's mind. He had never had a friend. Sure, when he had been younger, he had hung out with the other kids his age, but even then it was more of a 'Hey, here comes Hiccup! Let's tease and make fun of him!' relationship. So when Mr. Tumnus called him a friend after only a short meeting in the woods, Hiccup grabbed on and clung. "I guess I could come for a little while."

"Alright then, let's be off!" Mr. Tumnus then took his spear and opened it up to form a cloth roof over their heads. Hiccup made a mental note to look into that and ask Mr. Tumnus about it later. Something like that would defiantly come in handy on Berk.

During the walk, Mr. Tumnus pointed out many features of this land. Hiccup found it all fascinating. Fairly quickly, they reached a small door in the side of a cliff. Upon entering this door, Hiccup found himself inside a cozy cave that didn't look much like a cave at all. It looked far more like a home than a cave. As Hiccup looked around he spotted a painting of a faun, which he took to be Mr. Tumnus. As he admired the detail in the painting that made it so life like, Mr. Tumnus said, "That is my father."

"Really! I thought he was you, you're so similar."

He heard Mr. Tumnus murmur quietly, "No. No, I'm not very much like him at all, really."

Hiccup let out a dry chuckle that lacked humor. "I know what that's like."

"What do you mean by that?"

"Well... My dad is the perfect Viking plus more. He's 7' 2'' and almost 400 lbs. They say when he was a baby he popped a dragon's head clean off its shoulder's."

"Probably just a rumor. Surely, you don't believe it?"

"Yes, I do. And then, looking me, ...not so much. I mean, even my name. You know, it's Viking tradition to name the runt of the littler, Hiccup. My father's the chief of the village. He's been on raids and led all the searches for the dragon's nest and leads the warriors into battle during times of war."

"My father went away to war too." Hiccup smiled. It was yet another thing they had in common. "But that was a long, \_long,\_ time ago. Before this dreadful winter."

"Winter's not all bad. Where I come from, it's winter most of the year. There's ice skating and snowball fights... and Snoggletog!"

"Snogwhat?" Mr. Tumnus asked as they sat down with the tea.

"You know. When Odin comes and leaves stuff in your helmet or boots. When you put up a big tree in the center of town."

"Oh! You mean Christmas."

"...Sure," Hiccup replied, thinking it was a translation.

"Well, not here. No, we haven't had a Christmas in a hundred years."

"What!? No Snogle-er, Christmas in 100 years?"

"Always winter, never Christmas. It's been a long winter."

The faun handed Hiccup a cup with tea in it as he continued to speak. "But you would have loved Narnia in summer. We fauns danced with the dryads all night and we never got tired. And music! Oh, such music. Would... would you like to hear some now?"

"Oh! Sure! I'd love too."

Mr. Tumnus reached above the hearth and pulled down a box. After opening it, Hiccup saw a small Y-shaped panpipe. "Now, are you familiar with any Narnian lullabies?"

"Um, no, sorry."

"Well, that's good. Because this... probably won't sound anything like one."

The faun cleared his throat and started to play. The melody was a slow, haunting one, yet also enchanting. It was different from the drums and flutes of the Great Hall, or even Gobber's panpipes. Hiccup was mesmerized. As he listened to the song, he watched the fire burn at the logs in the fireplace. Suddenly, as the flames flickered, he could have sworn he saw a man riding a horse.

Startled, he looked to Mr. Tumnus. The faun nodded his head, indicating that it was nothing unusual. Hiccup relaxed and continued to watch the fire. He saw a magnificent stage being chased by a party of hunters. He saw the fauns dancing as Mr. Tumnus described, and he could have sworn that he also heard their laughter. Then the scene changed and he saw a multitude of creatures dancing.

As these images showed, Hiccup could feel himself getting more and more tired. The warm tea, the cozy house and fire, the soft music, it all was so nice and comfortable. \_Just a few moments rest. Then I'll leave and go back to my room and Snotlout, Ruffnut, and Astrid. Astridâ€¦|\_

With this last thought, Hiccup's head fell to his chest as the cup of tea fell to the floor.

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When Hiccup came back around, it was dark. He shot up and frantically rushed to the window. The sight that met his eyes confirmed his fears. Night was upon them. "Astrid's gonna kill me."

In his haste to reach the window, Hiccup forgot about Mr. Tumnus. Quickly, he spun around to find his friend. He found him, curled up in the farthest corner. As he slowly made his way over, he could hear the faun muttering to himself. "I'm such a terrible faun."

Hiccup's eyes widened and he hurried over to his distraught friend. "No! No, no, no! You're one of the nicest people I've ever met. You couldn't have done anything that bad. Not anything worse than my many failures."

Mr. Tumnus looked up at him, tears leaking from his eyes and shining in the dark. "It's not something I have done, Hiccup Haddock. It's something I'm doing."

Hiccup cocked his head to the side, curious and trying desperately to help the one person he had been able to call his friend. "What are you doing?"

"I'm kidnapping you."

Hiccup took a step back, a look of betrayal crossing his face as Mr. Tumnus began speaking quickly, frantically. "It was the White Witch. She gave orders. Said that if anyone found a human, they were supposed to turn them over to her!"

"But, I trusted you." Hiccup's voice did not carry an ounce of anger, hurt, or betrayal in it. Just shock.

Mr. Tumnus turned his head down and wiped a few tears away with his hand.

"You said that you were my friend." There is the hurt and betrayal.

Mr. Tumnus looked back at him and Hiccup sees something new. Determination.

In, but a few moments, they are running through the snow. Hiccup remembered the faun's words as they quickly got ready to leave. "We must be quick and quiet. The woods are full of her spies. Even some of the trees are on her side!" He anxiously looked around at the large bare trees.

After a while, they burst through the tree line find themselves in front of the lamppost. "Can you make your way back from here?"

Hiccup looks around and can just barely make out the crack in the wardrobe leading to his room. "Yes. I see the way. Will you be alright?" he says, turning to the faun.

"Don't worry about me. Just get home."

Hiccup stays, silently looking at him. "Thank you. For helping."

Mr. Tumnus quietly starts to cry again, but manages to get out, "No matter what happens Hiccup, I am glad to have met you. You've made me feel warmer than I've felt in a hundred years."

Hiccup smiles. "You're the first friend I've ever had."

Mr. Tumnus gives a small smile through the tears, but then says, "Now go. Go!"

Hiccup nods and quickly runs for the door.

### 3. Author's Note

Dear Readers,

I would like to say that I am extremely sorry about my prolonged absence on Fanfiction. The school year was really getting to me (being a senior in high school isn't easy) and a lot of bad things took place, like my best friend for the past 7 years ditching me, causing me to fall back into depression. Then there were a lot of new responsibilities that I had to take on, such as leading my church's high school small group, that really took up quite a bit of my free time.

But I'm here to say that I am returning for the summer! During the previous years, I couldn't write during summers because I didn't have a computer. The only one that I did have was the school laptop we were given and the district takes those back at the end of the year. However, I now have an iPad, so I have a lot more writing time. So I'm here to tell you the new order for my writing schedule:

1. New Discoveries
2. The Rite
3. Letting Go of Control
4. Not All That Glitters Is Gold

The reason for this order is that the readers for "New Discoveries" and "The Rite" have been waiting for those for a number of years and I really hate keeping you guys waiting. The good news is that the outline for "New Discoveries" has been made and I know exactly what I want to do with it so, it shouldn't take too long to finish. Also, "The Rite" only has a couple more chapters to go until completed, that shouldn't take long either.

As for the other stories not on this list, they will be completed because I will never abandon a story. I just haven't figured out which to work on first. I might have a poll up later to vote about it, so keep your eyes peeled! Also, update on "Accidental Collisions", I am going to rewrite the entire story, but I will not be posting it until chapters 1 through 8 are ready. After that, it will be a weekly update until finished.



And one last thing readers. I do not appreciate flames or reviews that are there for the sole purpose of aggravation. I have the power to remove your reviews and I will use it if I deem it necessary. I write these stories for my own enjoyment and the readers are given permission to view them. Abuse that privilege and I will simply stop allowing you to see them. This includes "Guests", whom simply lack the guts to show their own faces when they insult someone. I recently had an incident with one of these and was quite put out. Now despite each review appearing about a month apart, it didn't take a detective to figure out it was the same person. So if you are reading this, GET LOST! Great! Got that out of my system.

To the rest of you readers, I really appreciate you! You all are amazing and every time I read a review from one of you, it just makes my day! So thanks, and I'll get those new chapters up as soon as I can!

Keep Writing,

DinoMaster316

P.S. There should be a new oneshot up within the next few days called "Imitation" or "Impersonation", so if you really need some of my writing, go read that. ;D

End  
file.